

3
ÆSOP

IN

SPAIN.

OR,

A Few Select FABLES

IN

VERSE.

Translated from the Spanish.

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IT's a hard case, good Friends! that I am forc'd at every turn to quit the Delight of the Elysian Fields, the eternal Sunshine there, the honourable Company of the Muses, the fair Nymphs and memorable Poets of all Ages of the World, to come but upon your Earth, which even the Sun it self is asham'd to behold; which stinks so terribly of Sin and Iniquity, that the few, the very few honest among you are almost suffocated, and long for their Dissolution. I say, 'tis hard I must be put to this trouble again, when I was here but 3 or 4 Years ago, to inform your Understandings, and make a losing Voyage, you being not one farthing the better for my coming. — But you find I am still homo quadratus, unalterable in Principle, that is, bias'd neither one way or other, either by the applause of the People, or the favour of Princes; as if Virgil had made me that Distich on purpose for me.

Illum non populi falces, non purpura regum

Flexit, aut infidos agitans discordia cives.

I shall only, as an addition to my Fables, give you two words of Advice, one to Kings and Princes, and the other to the People, and that comprehends all Mankind. — I would advise Kings to remember they are but Men, and that one time or other they must die, and therefore let 'em not be exorbitant in their Power of Governing.

Quem dies videt veniens superbum,

Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem. Scen. Trag.

The great Cedars must fall by the Thunderbolts, and many times too when the Shrubs and Underwood remain untouched. Let Kings therefore govern only for the advantage of their People while they live, and leave things in such a posture when they die, that the People may not be embroil'd after their Decease. — To this end, if any one Prince makes himself absolute, robs his People of their Rights, and his neighbouring Princes of their Dominions; if he enlarges his Dominions so as to enable himself to make his Brethren Princes his Subjects, and the Free States about him his Slaves; let the rest of the Princes join in Arms against him, and by force of Arms reduce him to such a condition, that it shall not lie in his power to oppress the natural born People of his own Territories, or any of his Neighbours: For it is the Property of a good Prince, not only to secure the Liberties and Rights of his own People, but also to preserve such a Ballance, that all Mankind out of his Dominions may enjoy the same Privilege. But all this must be done by mature consideration, not out of a desire of enlarging his own Territories, not out of a vain Ambition of Conquest, or out of a design to impoverish his People in order to enslave them, but from a generous desire of bringing all Mankind under such Circumstances, that the Prerogatives of the Prince, and the Privileges of the People may always be consistent one with the other; that both Prince and People may have their just due, and live in amity together. — The People in the second place ought to honour their Prince, to maintain his Prerogatives, yet so as to keep their Liberties entire. I am sorry to find so many Men upon this earthly Globe, who to purchase the favour of Princes, and get great Estates, give away their Liberties, which are by God and Nature entail'd upon their Posterities. These are cruel Step-fathers indeed, who to enrich themselves enslave their Children; yet too many of these have you got amongst you, whom my Soul abominates.

And if you do but consider them even in this Life, amidst all their Pomp and Wealth, how contemptible they are in the Eyes of all honest men, as being every Bodies Rogues, who would murder their Parents, enslave their Children, betray their Prince, to get Money; and their Deaths which are as deplorable as their Lives are, scandalous, being often the sad Spectacles of exemplary Justice: No wise man would run such bazaras to be extremely rich. — But if you would see (as I do) how they are tormented in the other World, you would admire the Justice of the Devil himself: for tho by the Wisdom of the supreme Being, the Devil is the greatest Tyrant of all terrestrial or subterranean Princes, yet he miserably torments such as give away their Freedoms, he himself being the Son of Perdition, wreaks the utmost of his Vengeance on such who, like himself, have lost that dear Jewel Liberty. — These things considered, if ever you expect to see my face in the Elysian Fields, in company with the beauteous Nine, who have Myriads of shining Nymphs to wait upon 'em: I say, if ever you expect to drink a Cup of Helicon with me to the Health of the Muses, preserve your Liberties, love your Kings, and support them in all their generous and righteous Undertakings, and do not put me to the trouble of coming again into this foggy Air, but observe my Counsels, and be wise for the future.

ÆSOP in SPAIN.

FAB. I. *The Devil and the Priest.*

THere was a Mornarch, whose Imperial Sway
 Nations far distant did as Slaves obey :
 Kingdoms he govern'd, which ne never saw,
 And made 'em stoop to his extended Law.
 Some Crowns by right of Birth he held, and some
 Beneath his Sway by right of Conquest come ;
 So large his Awful Monarcy was grown,
 His Slaves at all times did behold the Sun.

But Ah how weak is Pow'r and human Sway !
 When we Eternal Orders must obey ?
 That mighty King can ravish'd Kingdoms seize,
 Becomes a Slave to Sickness and Disease,
 And wasts in Body, as his Crowns increase.
 Just were the Gods this Monarch to oppress,
 Who ruin'd Lands, and Nations did distress.
 Millions of murder'd Ghosts surround his Throne,
 Whose Lands by Blood he'd vilely made his own :
 Nature by day his drooping Soul affrights,
 And murder'd Ghosts disturb his Peace anights.

Thus some vile Usurer of *London Town*,
 Who has whole Familys and Tribes undone,
 Widows and Orphans cramm'd into his Bags,
 Expos'd to cold in tatter'd Clothes and Rags,
 Whilst the vile Wretch Damnation worketh out,
 Upon his Couch tormented with the Gout.

From Drugs this King could no assistance have,
 Nature nor Art could not the Monarch save
 From the cold Palace of noisom Grave ;
 By Heaven accurst no Issue left to reign,
 He long had rul'd alas ! but rul'd in vain :
 His wealthy Kingdms now disown'd by Fate,
 Their Regal Line must meanly terminate ;
 Gasping they lie to every neighb'ring Power.
 For every King is a Competitor ;
 Each claims his Right to the extinguish'd Throne,
 Some would have part, but others all or none :

One claims by Marriage what by t'other's given,
 But Father Pope claims by Decree of Heav'n.
 Thus mighty Feuds thro the Horizon spread,
 And promise Wars when the sick Monarch's dead.

What must be done in so deplor'd a case,
 When Fate appears with such an angry face?
 The Swords are whetting, and prepar'd's the Shield,
 And bloody Troops are entering the Field;
 When the whole World's just kindling in a Flame,
 Ev'n in the Nick the Priest and Devil came,
 Two great Composers of intestine Jars,
 Who fill both Hell and Mony-Chest by Wars,
 Still leave the Slain confus'dly in the lurch,
 Whilst Hells gets all the Vot'ries of the Church;
 But such their fate, the Priesthood and Old Nick,
 Approach the Royal Mansions of the Sick.
 They did not viler Words to Eve express,
 The first Queen Regent of the Universe,
 When their Advice she freely did embrace,
 And by it damn'd her self and all her Race,
 Than to the dying Monarch now they utter,
 And in his Ears Infernal Accents mutter.

'Sir, says the Priest, you're ready to bequeath
 'The Lamp of Life unto the puff of Death;
 'Your Kingdoms totter, as your Life declines,
 'You are the last of all the Regal Lines.
 'I am by Heav'n, and by the Pope design'd
 'T' instruct with Rules of Faith your Royal Mind,
 'If you expect in t'other World some ease,
 'Pray leave your Kingdoms in a settled Peace:
 'Such vast Pretensions to your Thrones are made,
 'As will the Earth with grizly Wars invade.

Here did the dying King erect his head,
 And faintly to his Confessor thus said:

'Thou know'st my Kingdoms do belong to one,
 'Who hath by Birth a Title to my Throne;
 'Tho not descended from these Loins of mine,
 'His Title is as good, as much Divine.
 'Ah! says the Priest, that Title can't be good,
 'Which is supported by the loss of Blood:
 'That Prince can never his just Rights maintain,
 'He is too weak, too poor for such a Reign.
 'He who by Marriage does a right pretend,
 'Was still your sure and ever-faithful Friend,

‘ Tho’ he his Right renounc’d, I do declare
 ‘ You may by Will appoint him lawful Heir.
 And here the Devil whisp’ring in his Ear,

The Priest proceeds:

‘ If you my sacred Counsels now shall shun,
 ‘ I tell your Majesty you are undone.
 ‘ Your Sins are many, and must be forgiven
 ‘ Before you can approach the Throne of Heaven;
 ‘ And if you do not my Advice pursue,
 ‘ I’ll pardon none, and Hell shall be your due;
 ‘ No extreme unction, no anointing Oil
 ‘ To save your Skin where wretched Sinners boil
 ‘ In the hot Confines of the Stygian Lake,
 ‘ Because they Priestly Counsels did forsake
 ‘ Where in large Bowls is liquid Sulphur quaff’d
 (At which damn’d Words the very Devil laugh’d.)
 ‘ There you must lie tormented and forlorn,
 ‘ No King in *Tophet* shall like you be torn;
 ‘ I will more Torments on your Head denounce
 ‘ Than you, when living, Scepters had and Crowns.

‘ But if you will my Counsels now pursue,
 ‘ No King in Heav’n shall be more blest than you
 ‘ With Treasures greater than those of *Peru*.
 ‘ Nay when from earthly Body you are loose,
 ‘ You shall not stop at the old half-way House,
 ‘ Where Sinners take a pot of *Stygian* Liquor
 ‘ To make their sense of Torment far more quicker,
 ‘ Where on hard Benches those dejected Elves
 ‘ Do for vast Ages sit to louse themselves.
 ‘ But you, when e’er your Majesty shall die,
 ‘ *Presto* shall mount the Regions of the Sky,
 ‘ And view your Kingdoms lessening as you fly.

He said, The Prince affrighted at his words.
 To the vile Dictates of the Priest accords:
 He makes his Will, and gives those Crowns away,
 Which he, much envy’d, did so weakly sway,
 Unto a Prince, who could no Title have,
 But what Ambition and his Envy gave.

Thus Kings are hubb’d, who on Priests rely,
 They live in scandal, and unpunish’d die;
 Condemn’d to Bondage and base Fame below,
 And when they die, the Lord knows where they go.
 Fob Heaven is kind, if e’er a Fool is saved,
 Who trusts his Soul within the hand of Knaves.
 Spain henceforth of the Priests may have a care,
 And of their vile deluding Tricks beware,
 If Heav’n be just, as sure in time it will,
 Porto Carrero shall his Crimes fulfil;
 He who embroils the World with Scenes of Wars.

*And Europe burries in intestine Fars,
Shal by the hand of Fate a Victim fall,
And slip to Hell from off the Earthly Ball.*

*Let England, Holland, Germany alone,
See on the Wretch condign Justice done ;
Mean while let France go on to play its pranks
Whilst its vast River overflows its Banks :
Glutted with Empire may all Tyrants die,
And groveling in their Pride and Ruin lie :
She may in time her dear Ambition mourn,
Anjou, like Conti, may again return ;
And may no King from henceforth e'er be blest,
Who trusts a Devil, or a crafty Priest.*

F A B. II. The Courtier.

A Milk white Rogue, Immortal and unhang'd,
By Fate and Parliaments severely bang'd,
Without a Saint, a Devil was within ;
He sought all Dangers, for he knew all Sin ;
Resolv'd for Grandeur, and t' acquire Wealth,
Rob'd some by force, and others trick'd by stealth ;
A wheedling fawning parsimonious Knave,
The Prince's Favour he resolv'd to have.
The only means by which he thought to rise,
He shuffl'd Cards, and sily cog'd his Dice ;
A true State-Juggler, could make things appear
Such as would please his Prince's Eyes or Ear ;
Produc'd false Lights his Monarch to mislead,
Which made him from his Paths of Int'rest tread.
He screen'd all Villains from due course of Laws,
And from his Prince his truest Subjects draws ;
Till angry Senates the vile Monster took,
And from the Root the upstart Cedar shook,
Squeez'd the curst Sponge had suck'd the Nation's Coin,
And made him cast up what he did purloin :
Then on a Gibbet did the Monster die,
A Just Example to Posterity.

*Let Favourites beware how they abuse
Their Princes Goodness, or the Peoples Laws,
How the clandestine Methods ever use
To propagate a wrong unrighteous Cause.*

*To Prince's Favour, like a Horse untam'd,
Do often break the giddy Rider's Neck :
On him who for Preferment's so much fam'd
The People oft their bloody Vengeance wreak.*

Let these beware how they mislead their Prince,
Or rob the Treasure of a potent Nation,
Or multiply enormous Crimes; for hence
Come Hanging oft, or noble Decollation.

F A B. III. The Pilgrims.

Religion is a thing, if understood,
Would make Men righteous, and their Actions good.
For P^rety alone of all things can
Correct the Manners, and reform the Man:
But Ah! how much is the blest Name abus'd
And by unballow'd Lips profanely us'd!
But none so much their Lewdness evidente,
As those who to it make the most pretence.
A Brace of Pilgrims of a Sect severe
As e'er usurp'd a Place in Moses Chair,
Men skill'd and read in Mosos sacred Laws
Yet well instructed for an impious Cause.
They brought up Pilgrims in their pious Schools,
Where men were hoodwink'd and transform'd to Fools.
They taught 'em Doctrine, did e'en Sense deceive,
And made them many holy Cheats believe;
Passive Obedience taught in a free Nation,
More foolish far than Transubstantiation.
These pious Ramblers trudg'd from Post to Pillow,
Got sacred Oak and consecrated Willow,
Chips of our Saviour's Cross, which where they came
Still got 'em Money, Provender and Fame;
Each holy Hocus Pocus had a trick
Would cheat the wisest Subject of Old Ni l.
They wrought such Miracles in every Nation,
As did inhance their holy Reputation.
From Spain unto Aleppo they embark'd,
As Beasts in Noab's wooden House were ark'd;
From thence o'er sandy Desert they did travel,
Where Men by Winds are buri d oft in Gravel,
Where Camels foundring in the sandy way
Are mummied up for ever and for ay;
Where men are thrust so far beneath the Ground,
They scarce will hear the final Trumpet sound;
'Twitl thro the scorching Sand's impetuous Heat,
They got safe to Jerusalem's beaoutous Gate;
Where when they came, just at the very entry,
They saw a Brother Pilgrim standing Sentry,
With meagre Looks, as if he'd been half roasted;
But yet in Pilgrim Cant he them accosted:
Says he, ' You're welcome Brethren to this Place,
'Of other Lands, and of our Church the Grace;

Step you but in, I'll show our Saviour's Tomb,
So much ador'd by all that hither come,
With all the holy Reliques of the Saints,
Which he who has not seen, true Fervour wants.
But e'er you enter, Brethren, I must tell ye,
We have got no provision for the Belly.

At which one Pilgrim said. ' We need not that,
' We without Victuals can grow Plump and Fat.
Then putting Hand within his sacred Hood,
Pull'd out a piece of most ill-favour'd Wood.
Said he, ' Whoever bears this sacred Chip,
' Needs not with Liquor ever wet his Lip,
' Or cram his Guts, as other Mortals do :
' This is both Meat and Drink, and Clothing too.
' We from *Aleppo* came, and all the way
' Have neither eat nor drank by night or day,
' When men grew faint, and perish'd on the Road;
' And Camels sunk beneath the Heat and Load.
' Who e'er to Battel goes, that carries this;
' Him shall the poison'd Arrows ever miss:
' He may in Tempests thro the largest Seas
' Undrowned pass, whenever he shall please.
' This sacred Chip is of our Saviour's Cross;
' Which, who has got, can n'eer sustain a Loss.

A Pilgrim Merchant standing by, o'er-heard
What the Impostor said, and much afraid
To pass the Deserts, but with needful Prop
To keep his drooping Limbs and Spirits up;
Offers the Pilgrims Mony for the Wood,
Who poud'ring seriously, a long time stood ;
Then in the Offer they were very nice.
Not out of Zeal, but to inhance the Price:
At length, which being rais'd ('tis very odd)
They took the Mony, and they sold their Gods
The Merchant thus equipp'd, away he ran,
He need not stay now for the Caravan ;
But in the Deserts was the Sot mistaken,
Where he did broil and fry like any Bacon.
He would have given in this very matter
A Load of Timber for a Draught of Water ;
There in the Sands did unassisted roast,
He curst the Pilgrims, and gave up the Ghost.

Ye *English* Jacobites, beware
How you this Merchant's paths do tread ;
If you are caught in such a Snare,
And by Non-juring Priests misled,

You may like him be famish'd quite,
 And die in Ditches like Dog;
 When you are poor, they'l say good night;
 They get the Gold, and you the Log.

For if you run into Extremes,
 And against Faith believe and hope,
 You are bedevil'd by King *James*,
 And he's bedevil'd by the Pope.

For take my word, and to it I'll be sworn,
Monmouth shall rise when *James* shall e'er return.

F A B. IV. The *Usurers* and *Merchants*.

SOME *Usurers* of Race accurst,
 Who only idolized Gold,
 Whose Bags, tho ready were to burst,
 Would scarce buy Clothes to keep out Cold.

Half starv'd and wretched as they were,
 Yet hopes of Gain still chear'd their hearts
 The getting Pelf was all their care,
 In which they exercis'd their parts.

Some traded to both *Indies*, some
 To *Africa* sent their lofty Ship;
 Which loaden and returning home,
 Was the sad burden of the Deep;

Others in Stocks imploy'd their Coin,
 Others in Interest play'd their Pranks;
 Some by Pawn-broking did purloin,
 And some threw Money into Banks.

Grown rich, yet richer still would be;
 For Avarice admits no rule,
 It knows no regular degree,
 The Miser's Purse is never full.

But not content with what they'd got,
 And all Ambitious still of more,
 They all confed'rate in a Plot
 How to increase their private Store.

At length agreed in this design
 Their Force of Money to unite,
 Their Stocks in one together join,
 And make just Dividends and right.

United thus, they sweep the Seas,
 They plunder ev'ry Country's Store,
 Their Wealth do's hourly increase,
 They fill their Chests with golden Ore.

But see the fate of Avarice,
 The Folly of our Misers Plot;
 The prove unlucky in a trice,
 And lose the Treasure they had got:

For half their Wealth they sent away
 In Shipping to a foreign Land;
 Which scap'd the Dangers of the Sea,
 But fell into the Pirates hand.

One would have thought they should have sent
 The other half to get the rest,
 Or farther Mischiefs to prevent,
 The Pirates sore had them distress.

But they, still covetous of more,
 Prepare new Shipping for the Seas,
 To find out some more lucky Shoar,
 Where they their Riches may encrease.

Which when the Pirates understood,
 They hasten with their Shipping thither,
 Where these Land-Pirates thought it good
 To get their store of Wealth together.

Thus the curst Misers lost their Store,
 Bereft of all their Worldly Pelf;
 By Avarice grown woedrous poor,
 Each charitably hang'd himself.

*This Tale may Holland now advise,
 When France is growing into Power,
 To ope her Purse-strings, and be wise,
 Lest Pirates should her Land devour.*

*Not so Batavia sends her Ships,
 But lend her Money to the German:
 She's wise, if at this time she keeps
 Her Country clear of neighbouring Vermin.*

F A B. V. The Ingrates.

THere was a King for mighty Actions fam'd,
 Amongst the Worthies of the Antients nam'd;
 He Battels fought, and many Kings subdu'd.
 And quell'd the Tumult of the Multitude;
 In War sagacious, and in Dangers bold,
 A greater Man no History hath told,
 But by his Favourites he was undone,
 Who sull'd all the Lawrels he had won;
 They sold his Offices unto his Foes,
 And on his Friends great Hardships did impose.

They rob'd his Treasure to augment their own,
 And they thro' all degrees of Lewdness run,
 And serv'd him, as the *Heliotrope*, the Sun;
 For when his Foes most insolent did grow,
 As weak in Troops, and his Exchequer low,
 They would not lend him their ill-gotten Gain,
 His Country's Peace and Honour to mainrain;
 His Cause abandon'd, and his Interest left,
 The Pious King was of all Aid bereft.
 Thus he a Victim to his Conqu'rors fell,
 For want of Mony, which he cou'd not quell,

This may accuse those evil Men

*Who got vast Thousands by the War,
 Who if the War returns agen,
 Won't to their Monarch any spare.*

*Our Fleet unviſual'd and unman'd,
 For want of neceſſary Aid,
 Like Europe's Ballance at a ſtand,
 By thoſe who ſerv'd her firſt betray'd.*

*Ingrates indeed, and void of Grace,
 To diſoblige their Princely Friend;
 When what they got was by their Place,
 But now a Penny will not lend.*

F A B. VI. The Partizans.

THere was a Land where Int'reſt rul'd
 And not right Reason bore the ſway,
 Where common men by Chiefs were fool'd,
 And each *Capricio* did obey.

Faction there dwelt, and mighty noiſe
 Of Int'reſt fill'd each liſt'ning Ear;
 Diſcord did raiſe the People's Voice,
 Whiſt Peace and Plety diſappear.

All in a hurry were diſturb'd,
 They knew not why, nor yet for what:
 No Man his vain Ambition curb'd,
 But ſomething ſought to grumble at.

Some pleas'd with popular Applauſe,
 The Peoples Expectation rais'd,
 Promoting ſome ſiniſter Cauſe
 Both by clandeſtine means and ways.

Some Statesmen grew, and very lewd,
 Engaging others in their Wars,
 Heading the giddy Multitude
 In their inteſtine ſelfiſh Jars.

Some in Religion did grow mad,
And talk'd of Vertue and of Grace,
Things which themselves they never had,
But ev'n their Image did deface.

The jarring Priests in holy strife
Each others Crimes did bawl aloud,
Whilst poor Religion lost her Life
Beneath the pressure of the Crowd.

Some made a noise 'gainst others Crimes;
And most notorious horrid Cheats;
But such the Lewdness of the Times,
Th' Accuser the same Crimes repeats.

Some honest were, and griev'd to see
Their Country's ruin and their own;
No Party chose, but what might be
For publick Profit done alone.

These hated were, and still kept poor,
From Places and Preferments shut:
Knave still crept in, and more and more
Were honest Men excluded out;

Until at length by horrid Brauls
(See the effect of Villany)
Their Country's Reputation falls,
And they beneath its Ruins die.

*Let Englishmen be now engag'd
Their private Quarrels to lay down;
Too long the homebred Wars have rag'd,
And publick Int'rest let alone.*

*'Tis time for them to lay aside
Their private Piques at one another;
In Parties vile no more divide,
But Discord in its Embrio smother.*

*For if they do not now unite,
And in a common Int'rest join,
They'll never henceforth keep their Right,
But their own Houses undermine.*

F A B. VII. The Confederacy.

I.

THere was an Eagle built his Nest upon a lofty Oak,
Tho not above th' avenging Stroke
And Thunder of Almighty *Jove*;
Of *Jove*, who sometimes thinks it best,
For Reasons yet unknown,
To let the vilest Men alone,

To ravage all their Neighbours Lands,
 And murder Innocents with bloody hands.
 So he thought good
 To let this mighty ravenous Tyrant of the Wood
 Perch on his Boughs secure from Fate,
 And all the little winged Mortals eat.

2.

Long there he liv'd, and every day descry'd from his exalted Boughs;
 All the low Underwood beside beneath his Shadow grows.
 When e'er he saw the Flocks upon the wing,
 Or heard in Bushes the plum'd Creatures sing,
 His Eaglets he sent out to seize the Prey,
 Who fierce as Lightning flew about: Swifter than they
 No Arrow flies,
 Or Star from Azure Skies;
 No Tyger in the Forest tears
 The trembling Hind with greater rage
 To pieces with his sharpen'd Paws,
 Than these the harmless Birds engage,
 And home return with bloody Beaks and Claws.

3.

In vain the Birds did build their Nest,
 In vain did young one breed,
 When Old Young were but a Prey at best
 To this curs'd Eagle's Seed.
 Hopeless of better fate
 They pensive sate,
 And did the dangers of their Tribes relate.
 Till one much wiser than the rest,
 To th' harmonious Croud in Notes himself express'd:
 ' See, brethren dear,
 ' We who are born as freee as Air,
 ' Confin'd by nothing but the Sky
 ' When we aloft do fly,
 ' And when we downwards go
 ' By nothing but the mighty Earth below,
 ' But vain our Freedoms are,
 ' Our native Birthright to the spacious Air,
 ' If this Tyrannize Eagle be empower'd
 ' By Fate to kill,
 ' And make us Captives at his Will;
 And we are born by him to be devour'd.
 ' 'Tis true (tho not to our disgrace)
 ' We are the weakest of the feather'd Race;
 ' The Gods have us no Talions giv'n,
 ' Such the Decree of Heaven.
 ' We can't contend with mighty Powers,
 ' Our business is to sit in Bow'rs.

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- And in our natural Accents sing
 ' The Glories of the Spring,
 ' We are but Cantons of the Air,
 ' Some mighty Emp'rors are ;
 ' If we with these are in Alliance join'd,
 ' The Eagle soon will find
 ' Himself o'ermatch'd,
 ' And we shall have our Young in safety hatch'd.
 ' Therefore let us perswade
 ' These Potentates unto our Aid :
 ' We'll get Provision from the Wood
 ' Their Forces to maintain,
 ' Whilst they upon the Plain
 ' Do combat for the Common good.

4.

He said, and to his wife Intent
 The feather'd Company
 Did all agree.
 They clapt their Wings, and chirping gave consent.
 The Hawks of every kind
 In the Alliance join'd,
 The Ravens, Crows, and all the Breed
 That do on slaughter'd Bodies feed ;
 Each one who did a Talon wear,
 His sharpen'd Weapon did prepare,
 He whet his Beak, and hasten'd to the War.
 Which when the Eagle understood,
 He armed all his Bands,
 And to the Field commands
 His vet'ran Troops long since inur'd to Blood
 Such Preparations ne'er were known,
 Such mighty Actions ne'er were done
 By the Inhabitants of the Air,
 On such a bloody War.

5.

For now the Fatal Day is come,
 Little inferiour to the Day of Doom,
 Over a spacious Plain,
 On which below
 Small Furz and Fern did grow ;
 Now Death and vast Destruction reign :
 Here in the Air
 The Combatants begin the War ;
 Who as they in Battalia fly
 Put out the very Candle of the Sky :
 Such sparring Blows they gave, the very Sound
 Echo'd from hollow Caverns of the Ground ;
 At every Stroke
 Was some strong Talon broke,

Some Beak was spoil'd,
 Or Hawk or Eagle kill'd:
 The Feathers flew like Showers of Snow
 Upon the Plain below.
 The Battel was uncertain, still
 They both did one another kill,
 Until the Eagles Forces broke,
 Retreated to the Fortrefs of their Oak.

6.

The Eagle thus distrest;
 His Warriors spoil'd brth in their Beak and Crest.
 His Fortunes growing worse and worse,
 To Policy he has recourse;
 This firm Alliance he must break,
 Or else his Oaken Throne must crack.
 First from the common Cause
 He the fierce Vultur draws,
 Which was by Wedding done;
 A young Hen-Vultur of a comely Grace,
 The only Princess of the Race,
 To a Cock-Grandson-Eagle of his own.
 Then with his other Foes he gets a Peace,
 And thus all Feuds and Discord cease:
 No sooner were his Pinions grown,
 And Claws made sharp, but from his Throne,
 He War proclaims,
 And all the little Flocks of Birds he damns,
 And all Alliances he scorns,
 And a true Tyrant Eagle turns.

*If e'er Confederates agen
 Shall the French Eagle overcome,
 Ne're let him rise to fight, but then
 Give him his ne plus ultra Doom.
 In him no Faith nor Honesty they'l find,
 Whom neither Gods nor human Laws can bind.*

F A B. VIII. The Interview.

TWO Potent Armies in the Field
 Would not to one another yield,
 But huff'd and bounc'd at one another,
 Making a most confounded Pother;
 Yet seldom did in fight appear
 To spoil the lucky Trade of War:
 But Heroes huffing on the Plain
 Affected much the Country Swain,

Who

Who plough'd the face of native Soil
 With mighty Industry and Toil,
 Not now as whilome once a year
 To revel in Otober Beer;
 But all's consum'd by huffing Prigs,
 In buying fine lac'd Coats and Wigs.
 The Swains complain, and all the Nations
 Abhor these costly fighting Fashions.
 When lo! to put an end to strife,
 And save the fighting Peoples Life,
 Two Gen'als who but just before
 Each other sad Destruction swore,
 Agreed a Meeting in the Field
 Without dead-doing Sword or Shield.
 Beneath a Hedge the Chieftains sat,
 Like men of Sense and War did prate,
 Who tho they, re skill'd in Martial Strains,
 Have very little share of Brains:
 But so it happ'd, a Peace was made,
 Which quite destroy'd the Warriors Trade.
 From such a Peace, and treated thus,
 I pray good Lord deliver us:
 For e'er in Print the Peace appears,
 They fell together by the Ears;
 No mortal man, beside the Treaters,
 Knew which side were the greater.
 Hence Taxes and Dissentions rise
 To please the Knaves, and fool the Wise.
 Let Nations henceforth have a care
 How they engage in costly War,
 Empty their Purfes, and their Sculls,
 Only to please some fighting Fools,
 Who cut War's Hydra with design
 Only to let it grow again.
 Let 'em, if ever Arms they take,
 Do it but for their Country's sake;
 Let 'em make War when e'er they please,
 But let no Foreigner make Peace,
 No private Articles be made,
 Which may their future Peace invade.